

The Salvation Army

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Our Canadian Leaders.

NO. II.

CAPTAIN R. L. WERRY.

Early Training and Impressions—Conversion School Life—Joining the Lord's Army—Regis and Toronto—Lacked up, etc., etc.



"THE LOVE OF CHRIST CONQUERETH ALL ME." HE above sentence is the keynote of my Army career. Those words were the first I ever uttered on an Army platform, and explain exactly why I am and where I am to-day.

I was born near the little village of Solina, about seven miles from Bowmanville, Durham County, Ont.

My father, who is a farmer, came from England when a boy, and my mother is Canadiana born of English parents. They were both converted in early youth, their parents on both sides being Christians also.

About the first words I ever listened were prayers, and I never remember missing my evening prayers once, and though many a time thoughtlessly said they had considerable restraint upon me.

About the earliest religious impressions I have any recollection of were made by my paternal grandfather, who was an old-time religionist of the "Billy Bray" type. He used to go into revival meetings with his coat off so earnest was he, and was a local preacher for many years.

I remember hearing him lamenting the coldness and flattery, pride and formality of the church, and he wept as he told of the glorious times he used to have when a lad, home in Cornwall, in the early days of Methodism. "Oh!" said the lady he was talking to "You know we're getting more refined and educated now, it would look queer to do and dress as you used to, we've got to keep up with the times or we won't be thought much of now-a-days," but he turned away with a sad heart and I think he wept with Christ. He used to take me by the hand to his bed-room at noon whenever I was at his house and pray God to bless me and make me useful in winning souls. Though only six or seven years of age the things impressed me, and I grew up with a longing for his kind of religion, and when he died prayed for a double portion of his spirit.

At eleven and a half years of age I felt for the first time, to my knowledge, the stirring of the Holy Spirit. The first night I was persecuted by the devil not to yield. The next night he told me not to go to the meeting or I would feel just as miserable as I did the night before, so I stayed home. The next night I went again, and saw as plainly as I do now that I was a condemned

sinner, and, without Christ, must be forever lost. A terrible battle was going on in my young heart, but at the last invitation I yielded and found peace.

I at once joined the church (the Bible Christian, and the most like the Army of any I have ever seen), and, as the chapel was on a corner of our farm, I had the opportunity of regularly attending Sunday-school, class-meeting, etc., which latter means of grace, when I was right, I loved more than any other. However, at one time, through the temptations of pleasure, I became (although I did not see it so plainly then) a backslider at heart, though no one but God, the devil, and a few companions ever knew how sinful my heart

what you profess." The devil took advantage of this to suggest that it was really no use to try, and every discouragement was presented. But a voice whispered to my heart, "Try again—don't give up;" so I said, "If I'm not good enough, I'll get good enough," and this proved to be the turning point. I got down in the hay left before God, confessed my unfaithfulness and got deliverance. Since that time I have never lost the evidence of my acceptance with God.

About that time I first read of the Army through a secular paper. It spoke of a new movement which had been started in the Old Country for the salvation of the masses of poor people. I

I made up my mind not to be prejudiced but to see them for myself.

While all these things had been transpiring, I had been growing. The time had come for me to choose some life work, and I had decided upon the ministry. My grandfather had said at a missionary meeting that he had two sons, one of which (meaning my father), he would give to the Lord to be a missionary, but he never having felt called to that work, the mantle seemed to have fallen on me. I then entered the Bowmanville High School, and took up the regular routine of lessons being promoted at the end of each term.

In March 1884 the Army came to town. I was unable to be in town the first Sunday, or to attend the meetings for four or five nights.

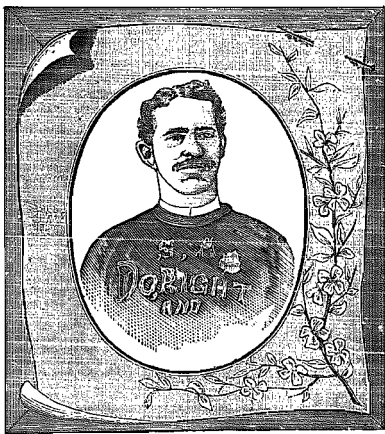
What was my surprise then, upon entering the crowded town hall to see on the platform a couple of dozen or more of the worst cases I knew in town and whom I had often passed with a feeling of pity, saying to myself, "poor fellow, he's a hopeless case, a confirmed drunkard, nothing can be done for him," or "poor woman, she was once an innocent girl in a good home, but a drunken shameless husband has driven her to a life as bad as his own." And there they stood before me and testified to a change in heart and home. Some of them are now in Heaven, and others still saved. I had a spark of Christian feeling and sympathy in my heart, and I could not but love the poor rescued ones and the means employed to reach them.

From that time I sought opportunity to help. But I would venture to speak to one sitting near me, then another whom I knew and the fire burned.

At last one Sunday afternoon after many whippings for disobedience I stood up among my companions and testified. I saw only eyes which all seemed to pierce me, and, O, how I trembled!

After the meeting I ventured to speak to the Captain, introducing myself by asking for a song book and then telling her how the Lord was leading me out towards the Army and I felt I ought to come boldly out on the platform. She consented, and I stayed all the way home, all the time there and back again, and tremblingly took a seat on the platform at night.

Some how the lad I was with went to the front seat and took me there. That was terrible. Before me were the faces of the rescued, and I thought, "Whoever will they think? But I felt I was doing it for God and at last that thought gave me courage, then I testified. I saw no one, but I got the biggest blessing I ever remembered having and that encouraged me to try again. Every one to-morrow." "Oh! but you don't know what they are, nor what good they're doing," I explained. "But



CAPTAIN R. L. WERRY.

because, or what I was led to do for pleasure. No one could love it or compare more than I did, and as I had not enjoyment enough in religion I tried to enjoy myself by adding the pleasures of the world, and ease my conscience by saying I believed God intended me to be happy. They would not make me happy now, nor did they then.

Early from shame, and partly because I really wanted to be good, I still clung to my profession, but continual disobedience and sin naturally brought constant condemnation and the consequent doubts and fears. At last I was tempted to give all up. Conscience said, "You're not good enough to be called a Christian; you do not enjoy

shall never forget the influence that filled my soul, as I read of the good it was doing, but with the thought that I never should see it, I dismissed it from my mind, but I could not express nor account for the feelings I experienced.

After a while I heard that some people called the Salvation Army were in the United States, and soon in Toronto. At last it was rumored that they were coming to Bowmanville. Strange stories were told; wonderful bills announced them. "They're money grabbers," "they're an awful low set," "It's a new and dangerous religion," "It's catching," "don't go near them," etc., etc., were some of the remarks made.

Dr. MAMAM,
Finney's College and President of
Oberlin College.)

"Oh no! I do not think I

Do we really care for each
soldiers of The Army, and

ing, you are sorry for what

st trials is the idea that lo
ray from the Training Home

knows that there are many
for him every day in a general

which he often uses with success. Let us all make up

in turn care for one another
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Finner's College and Eng

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Composed Expressly for the WAR CRY

Now—life is passing a number of selfish hours for the few around the table. The soldiers are going to the front, and the civilians are going to the front. Every man try again.

My Experience.

BY GEO. WATSON, HARTFORD.

Town—"Polly Perkins."

AM a happy Soldier, in joy I'm

arrayed,
By keeping the company of Him that's

above;
I'm receiving good wages from Him

who keeps clean,
And my name is in glory, where all is

peace.

But nevertheless, as I've said before,

I am not happy as an angel—
With Christ in my love, I am not

happy,
Oh, stop and think your sinners, and
for heaven make a start.

Now the first thing in the morning, I

speak unto Him,
In answer to petition, He the glory doth

bring;
With a smile from His countenance,
and the joy from on high.

O, how I do love Him, I could lay down

and die.

When first I came to Jesus, with heart

and soul,
To pray, I could not, though troubled

within;
Halalujah to Jesus! His blood has

made clean,
And now I'm on my way to glory, the

child of a King.

This peace, and this joy you all can

possess,
I pray you dear sinners you are now

confess,
With Christ as your portion no ill can

befall,
I pray you dear sinners for mercy now

call.

This fountain now is opened for all sin,
Will you come and enter in?
The crimson tide will wash from every stain,
Will you come and enter in?

Oh, sinners! see from the nail-pierced hands,

Steadily the stream is flowing;
Will you loose your wicked hands,
Will you plunge beneath its tide?

Even His spear-pierced side, to His

wounded flesh,
Steadily the stream is flowing;
This fountain now is all complete,
Will you plunge beneath its tide?

Hearts! 'tis His trembling voice I hear,
The Lord is now speaking;
'Tis finished, now your sinners clear,
Will you heed those gracious words?

Oh, the precious Blood is flowing o'er

my heart, etc.

Witness for Christ.

BY HARRY DAVIS, WHITECHAPEL.

Town—"Hiding in the snow," or "My

Jesus I love Thee," "Whither than

Snow," "Lion of Judah." (Dress

Band Jesus, No. 9.)

DEAR Saviour, I'm Thine for my

heart is Thy throne,
In me let Thy wondrous Salvation be

shown,
Oh, make me a soldier, fill me with Thy

power,
To witness for Thee, every day, every

hour.

Witness for Thee, witness for Thee,
Oh, help me, dear Jesus, to witness for

Thee.

Poor sinners are living in darkness of

night,
In me red display all Thy glory and

might,
And let me reflect all Thy image divine,
And witness Thy free full Salvation is

mine.

Oh, help me, dear Lord, in Thy four steps

to try to follow Thee fully, where I am led,
Though trouble and sorrow my lot here

may be,
To follow Thee, where I am led, while I

live for Thee.

Oh, take full possession of my heart and

soul,
Let Thy precious Blood keep me, spotless

and whole,
Reign in me supreme, that I ever may

be clean,
A clean, holy vessel of service to Thee.

Free from all doubts and fears forever,

Free to God!

Free to follow calmly as a river,
All through the precious Blood.

When I surrendered to obtain this freedom,

From the power of sin,
That myself I gave unto Him,
Fully to be cleansed from sin.

Now He keeps me by His wondrous power,
Living in the light;

Fully trusting in His grace each hour,
Walking with my Lord in white.

3 The Fountain.

BY CAPT. CLARENCE T. JONES, MEDFORD, N. H.

Town—"The precious Blood is flowing."

From my Saviour's throne-pierced brow,

Steadily the stream is flowing;
His grace announces the endless flow,
Will you plunge beneath its tide?

Oh I love Jesus,
He is my Saviour,
And I am happy,
In His sweet favour.

Every day I am walking with God.

The Saviour's blood was shed for all

sin,
And you may have Salvation too,
If you will.

Come, and you shall prove it true!

But you must give up all wrong-doing,
And let God make you pure within;
Eradicate
obey!
Spotless walk from day to day.

6 I'm Happy on the Way.

Town—"Bless the Lord, I'm Happy on the Way."

BY W. A. MYERS.

MY Saviour, He has pardoned me,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

And from all sin He has set me free,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

Oh, how I love Thee, my Saviour,
Bless the Lord, I'm happy on the way.

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This peace, and this joy you all can

possess,
I pray you dear sinners you are now

confess,
With Christ as your portion no ill can

befall,
I pray you dear sinners for mercy now

call.

Heaven with such a spirit, for
those who are classed with the hosts of
hell in the Bible—
"BENEFICENT AND BENEVOLENT."

The spirit, when allowed to take

possession of the soul, is hater to
vice and cast out by far than carnal

passions, such as drink and gambling,
and profane and unbecoming

conduct. It cannot enter into the kingdom of
heaven and of love. They cannot pass

the straight gate, which is narrow,
and go in to the everlasting life.

Never let unkind feelings or thoughts
enter in; cast them out. Keep on

praying, believing, and casting them
out, no matter how often they come in.

The Holy Ghost will reveal them to
you, and supply a shield of faith which

will extinguish all the fiery darts of the
wicked one.

Never say an unkind word about any-
body, especially if they are objection-
able to you.

Return good for evil as a matter of
policy and habit. Love your

enemies.

THE ARMY'S. The Montreal

STANDARD, says on speaking on
several topics: "The

other war-leaving force referred to is the
Salvation Army. The great strength

of this movement lies in its complete
simplicity and frankness. Millions

have been tried by others, for instance
among the French Canadians, but with

little success. The societies have
been well and skilfully managed by

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and, and it is in our own. No reproach
is so terrible to him as that of your
own guilty conscience; no anguish
more acute to him as your own
conscience. They knew their duty but
they would not do it. To him that
"Knoweth how to do good and doeth it
not," let him be judged from his way,
that wicked man shall die because of his iniquity,
but his blood will I demand at
his hand."

Do you say, "This is an exaggeration?"

What judging! Judge not
that ye be not judged! You condemn
too severely."

Very well, let us examine that crowd
of sinners, and you recognize how
they are.

Don't be afraid, let us go nearer and
nearer. What do I see? Is it possible?

Why do you turn pale like that? Yes,
it is indeed true, if you recognize how
they are. Amidst the confusion
her eyes are fixed upon you without
hope, bred with inexpressible sadness.
She calls you by your name,
Listen!

150.

He had struck the one chord that gave forth any sound in that apathetic soul. He had touched upon the tender remembrance that remained in her bosom. She writhed in agony.

—Deut. vi. xiii.
Out of the distance and darkness
deep.
Out of the settled and perilous sleep
Out of the region and shadow of death
Out of its foul and pestilent breath
Out of the bondage and wearying chain
Out of companionship ever with sin

Wonderful person whose face I
held,
Wonderful story than all to be
Wonderful all the dread way that
trod;
Wonderful end—He has brought
to God. (Come s

gone to a terrible pitch—when persecution of a pitch—we heard, not like to believe it. Mayor being absent part of the mob the constables on duty had a game with the

in a short time
a good is at such
ough we should
be true, that the
from home, one
out one of their
de the other part
Salvation Army.

We had the night, and every-
lighted with the
, and everything.
will follow. Next

Ask yourself: the
I saved or not?"
next year, he read-
damn warning—read
the race is not to
should go, and
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the way a child
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